

ST. AUGUSTINE'S Messenger

Vol. X. No. 1. Published Quarterly by St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss. December, 1932

Subscription Price, 50c the year. Entered as second-class matter January 26, 1926, at the Post Office of Bay St. Louis, Miss., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Editor, REV. N. L. SHULER, S.V.D.

A Message To All Our Readers

THE little magazine known as ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER has now been going to its subscribers and readers for about ten years. It has endeavored to tell the story of the founding of St. Augustine's Seminary; it has related the hardships and troubles, the financial and other difficulties in connection with its progress and achievements. It has also reported on various topics of interest for those who love and aid the colored mission cause. Shall it now cease to carry its message into a world of friends and interested people?

When depression made itself more keenly felt also in our quarters, we got together to plan and to take counsel as to what could and should be done under the circumstances. We knew that the low subscription price never could pay all the expenses entailed in the printing, binding, and shipping of our magazine. And especially was this true since the number of subscribers was comparatively small. On the other hand, it was thoroughly considered that the discontinuation of our circulars would, to a great extent, mean a severing of connections and contacts that had heretofore been so beneficial to our institution. The proximate need and the consequent necessity to save seemed to impress themselves more forcibly upon the minds of the Fathers. Therefore it was decided by a majority of votes to discontinue our circulars and seek other means and ways by which to express our views on the colored mission operations and to communicate our Seminary news to friends and benefactors.

In this state of affairs we started upon our long vacation. During all this time the thought of doing away with something that had been good, with something that still could create good, be it ever so small, left especially the writer of these lines no peace. Even

some of our best friends warned us against an overhasty step. So at the beginning of the school year we got together once more to reconsider our decision. It now appeared to everyone that the disadvantage of cutting ourselves from all wholesome contacts with our friends was too great to be suffered for a small temporary gain. Our deliberations resulted in a compromise. Thus ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER will continue to appear, but in a very humble form which will be in keeping with our financial condition. Moreover, the MESSENGER will announce the intentions of our monthly novenas to Our Mother of Perpetual Help, and will carry religious instruction concerning them. — At this point, the attention of the readers of our Novena Letter in honor of Our

Mother of Perpetual Help is called to the fact that this circular has been dropped. They are kindly requested to look for the intentions in this magazine. — Thus the expenses will be reduced to a minimum, a beneficial spiritual union with a selected circle of friends and associates will be kept alive, and our readers will, in whatsoever abbreviated form, receive first-hand information concerning the Seminary and its doings, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its successes and reverses.

A question might arise concerning the subscription price of the magazine. We are indeed very sorry that we are unable to offer more in material value for the subscription price indicated in the head above. However, we wish our readers to consider first, that this is the lowest rate that can be asked for a magazine if it is to enjoy the privilege of second-class postal rate for shipment. Secondly, that this is a temporary arrangement and that we intend to do more as soon as conditions permit.

Thus we start ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER on the way into its tenth year, a year that will mark another milestone in the development of the history of St. Augustine's Seminary; a year that will witness the conferring of the last two of the Minor Orders on five of our scholastics, and the profession of the perpetual vows by the same, which is the first of the final steps toward the establishing of the religious priesthood among the colored race; the year in which five of our colored novices from the S.V.D. Novitiate at East Troy, Wisconsin, will return to continue their course in philosophy and thereby the erection of at least a part of the final Seminary building.

We wish you

A Merry
Christmas
and
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INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena

INTENTIONS { December 1—9: Alleviation of the present economic distress
January 1—9: For those who desire peace and happiness in their families

Dear Friend:

We are living in difficult times. A wave of financial depression is passing over us. Business is dull. Unemployment is the lot of millions, and there are other millions who have little between them and starvation. We see great multitudes of honorable, willing workers forced to idleness and reduced with their families to extreme indigence.

The approaching wintry blast with its long succession of suffering and privation brings new misery to the poor and helpless. Their cries of distress should move us to pray especially now to Our Mother of Perpetual Help that she may ask her Divine Son to repeat those tender words which once went forth from His most loving Heart as He beheld the crowd faint with hunger, "I have compassion on the multitude." Let us during this month of December invoke the assist-



Love's Wooing

In a little crib there lay a Child,
Above all other children, mild;
But, brighter than the light of sun
Were the features of that dear One,
Jesus, Thou — my Lord, and, All,
Thou wert, in truth, that Child so small.

Close by, there stands a maiden fair,
As though, indeed, naught did she care;
But she's that Babe's own Mother — Bliss!
Can thought of man encompass this?

List! afield, the song of angels choir
With freshening voices, higher, higher —
"To God all praise and honor be;
Let good-willed men dwell peacefully!"

These words the pious shepherds hear;
Within the hour they hasten near
To Bethlehem; and soon they come
Unto the noble Saviour's home.

That self-same hour there beams a star
That lightens up the world afar;
Led onward by its ardent beams,
Three kings soon realize their dreams.

Lo, see, they fall upon the floor,
Bow low, that PRECIOUS to adore,
Their noblest gifts to Him uphold —
Of frankincense, of myrrh and gold.

Then let your tongues, these Christmas
days,
Exalt the BABE for His blest ways —
Praise God, Lord Jesus Christ, the Son
Whose birth for us redemption won!

ance of our heavenly Mother, and have complete confidence in the gracious providence of God, who feedeth the birds of the air, and without whose heed not even a sparrow falleth on the ground.

The house is the home of the family, where father, mother, and children live together in harmony and love. No sacrifice is too great where the welfare of the home is concerned. When the happiness of the home is at stake, we want by all means to keep our home a place of love and contentment.

But how often we find unhappiness in the home, caused, perhaps, by waywardness of one of the members, or by a lack of the necessities of life and anxiety about the future.

In the Heart of our Divine Saviour there is room for all. In His Heart the poor, the dejected, the despised, the outcast, the orphan, the homeless, can find refuge. But the pity of it is that there are so many fathers, mothers, and children who do not go to Him with their troubles, difficulties, and disasters even though He said "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Pray to Our Mother of Perpetual Help during this month of January for those who desire peace and happiness in their homes.

A Good Resolution

IF I refuse to give anything to missions this year, I practically cast a ballot in favor of the recall of every missionary, both in the home and foreign fields.

IF I give less than heretofore, I favor a reduction of the missionary forces proportionate to my reduced contribution.

IF I give the same as formerly, I favor holding the ground already won, but I disregard any forward movement. My song is, "Hold the Fort!" forgetting that the Lord never intended that His soldiers are under marching orders always. They are commanded to "Go!"

IF I advance my offering beyond former years, then I favor an advance movement in the conquest of new territory for Christ.

Resolved: I do believe in greatly increasing the present number of missionaries; therefore, I will increase my former offerings to missionary work. (*Missionary Review of the World*)

Is it Nothing to you

THAT half the world has NO FAITH — NO CHURCH NO LIGHT — NO CHRIST? What will you do to change this sad condition?

THAT 30,000,000 heathen die every year without baptism, — with no hope — knowing not whither they are going, — because there are not enough missionaries?

THAT the missionaries grow old and die with no one to continue their work?... For effective mission work we must have an army of 500,000 missionaries, but we have not even 20,000. Be an apostle and help the mission cause!

THAT a large number of candidates for the missionary priesthood are poor boys dependent upon the generosity of good Catholics to help them reach their goal? You can send forth apostles to save some of the 800,000,000 heathen, by contributing to our Scholarship Fund, or Bursar Fund.

THAT the missions can be saved only by AMERICA?... No other country is in a position like ours — we have never failed yet! Witness our splendid spirit of the past few years, when sacrifice and suffering were demanded! We can put more missionaries in the field! We can contribute more to the cause! We can help win the world to Christ! But we can do nothing without you — YOUR cooperation and generosity must save the day.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU WHETHER AMERICA FAILS or SAVES THE DAY?

MAIL YOUR INTENTIONS FOR THE NEXT NOVENA!



A Catholics interested in the conversion of the Negro will rejoice over the recent approval of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart by Pope Pius XI. The Holy Father granted the "Decretum Laudis" (Decree of Praise) to the Society, making it a papal institute under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. St. Joseph's Society began its existence as a separate unit of the Church's Missionary structure in 1892, though its priests, as members of the Mill Hill Foundation in England, had been laboring since 1871 among the Negroes of the United States. "The latest report," says the *Colored Harvest*, "issued by Very Rev. Fr. Pastorelli, S.S.J., LL.D., Superior General of the Society, shows a marked and encouraging progress. There are 86 priests, ministering to 63,000 souls. Over 1,000 converts were brought into the Church through the efforts of the Fathers in the past year. During the past year there were 81 students at the preparatory college and 61 registered at St. Joseph's Seminary at the Catholic University. Ten young men are pursuing their novitiate training at Newburgh, N. Y.... God grant a speedy increase and lasting success to this zealous band of workers in one of the most neglected spots of His Vineyard."

IN A commencement address at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., Robert W. Bagnall, Secretary of branches of the N.A.A.C.P., commended to all youth, colored and white, the following motto: "No man is superior to me simply because he is white. No man is inferior to me simply because he is black. He alone is my superior who is superior in character, mentality, and attainments. He alone is my inferior, who is inferior in these things" (*Southern Workman*).

A NEW era of Negro Catholic collegiate work began September 13, with the enrollment of approximately 500 colored youths at the New Xavier College, New Orleans, La. It was dedicated October 12, by His Excellency, the Most Rev. John W. Shaw, Archbishop of New Orleans. His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, a zealous champion of the rights of colored Catholics, made a special trip to New Orleans for the occasion, and bestowed his episcopal blessing upon the several thousand people who crowded the campus. The dedicatory address was delivered by His Excellency, Most Rev. John Morris, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark. The modern building, just completed at a cost of half a million dollars, consists of three units, administration building and lecture hall, science hall, and faculty building. The old structure which formerly housed the College will be used exclusively for high-school work. Xavier College built and staffed by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, is the only Catholic College for Negroes in the United States. The High-School Department opened in 1915, the Normal in 1917, and the College in 1925. Xavier offers courses in the Arts, Pharmacy, Pre-Medicine, Teachers' Training, and Domestic Science. Graduates of the pharmaceutical and pre-medical courses will receive

recognition by the American Association of Colleges of Pharmacy, and the American Medical Association. The Church's insistence that Catholic students receive a Catholic education from kindergarten to college is slowly but surely bearing fruit for the Catholic American Negro.

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The second term of the Sacred Heart Preparatory Seminary has opened. Two priests, Reverend Fathers Christman and Baltes, and a lay professor, Mr. August Gonon, will be in charge of the classes.

The Seminary is now a year old; it was opened last year late in fall with only four students. Yet it is already known in practically every state in the Union, Central America, and Europe. We received two applications even from Africa. At present there are twenty-five students representing ten states of the Union and Central America.

SEPTEMBER 21st

Today Father Christman's feastday was celebrated in grand style. The college was given a free day and the students gave an entertainment in his honor. The parochial school also participated in the celebration.

were given the use of the parish school building by Fr. Vanderbilt. Classes began on June 13, with an enrollment of 96 Negro children, which soon increased to 233, of which number only twenty were Catholics, the rest Baptists.

Burn a Vigil Light in our Seminary Chapel. For one dollar your light will burn during the novena.

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Unto the noble Scion's home.

That selfsame hour there beams a star
That lightens up the world afar;
Led onward by its ardent beams
Three kings soon realize their dreams.

Lo, see, they fall upon the floor,
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Burn a Vigil Light in our Seminary Chapel. For one dollar your light will burn during the novena.

Our Mother of Perpetual Help Novena

INTENTIONS {December 1—9: Alleviation of the present economic distress
January 1—9: For those who desire peace and happiness in their families

Dear Friend:

We are living in difficult times. A wave of financial depression is passing over us. Business is dull. Unemployment is the lot of millions, and there are other millions who have little between them and starvation. We see great multitudes of honorable, willing workers forced to idleness and reduced with their families to extreme indigence.

The approaching wintry blast with its long succession of suffering and privation brings new misery to the poor and helpless. Their cries of distress should move us to pray especially now to Our Mother of Perpetual Help that she may ask her Divine Son to repeat those tender words which once went forth from His most loving Heart as He beheld the crowd faint with hunger, "I have compassion on the multitude." Let us during this month of December invoke the assist-



ance of our heavenly Mother, and have complete confidence in the gracious providence of God, who feedeth the birds of the air, and without whose heed not even a sparrow falleth on the ground.

The house is the home of the family, where father, mother, and children live together in harmony and love. No sacrifice is too great where the welfare of the home is concerned. When the happiness of the home is at stake, we want by all means to keep our home a place of love and contentment.

But how often we find unhappiness in the home, caused, perhaps, by waywardness of one of the members, or by a lack of the necessities of life and anxiety about the future.

In the Heart of our Divine Saviour there is room for all. In His Heart the poor, the dejected, the despised, the outcast, the orphan, the homeless, can find refuge. But the pity of it is that there are so many fathers, mothers, and children who do not go to Him with their troubles, difficulties, and disasters even though He said "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Pray to Our Mother of Perpetual Help during this month of January for those who desire peace and happiness in their homes.

Is it Nothing to you

THAT half the world has NO FAITH — NO CHURCH NO LIGHT — NO CHRIST? What will you do to change this sad condition?

THAT 30,000,000 heathen die every year without baptism, — with no hope — knowing not whither they are going, — because there are not enough missionaries?

THAT the missionaries grow old and die with no one to continue their work?... For effective mission work we must have an army of 500,000 missionaries, but we have not even 20,000. Be an apostle and help the mission cause!

THAT a large number of candidates for the missionary priesthood are poor boys dependent upon the generosity of good Catholics to help them reach their goal? You can send forth apostles to save some of the 800,000,000 heathen, by contributing to our Scholarship Fund, or Burse Fund.

THAT the missions can be saved only by AMERICA?... No other country is in a position like ours — we have never failed yet! Witness our splendid spirit of the past few years, when sacrifice and suffering were demanded! We can put more missionaries in the field! We can contribute more to the cause! We can help win the world to Christ! But we can do nothing without you — YOUR cooperation and generosity must save the day.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU WHETHER AMERICA FAILS or SAVES THE DAY?

Love's Wooing

In a little crib there lay a Child,
Above all other children, mild;
But, brighter than the light of sun,
Were the features of that dear One,
Jesus, Thou — my Lord, and All,
Thou wert, in truth, that Child so small.

Close by, there stands a maiden fair,
As though, indeed, naught did she bear;
But she's that Babe's own Mother — Bliss!
Can thought of man encompass this?

List! afield, the song of angels' choir
With fresh'ning voices, higher, higher —
"To God all praise and honor be;
Let good-willed men dwell peacefully."

These words the pious shepherds hear;
Within the hour they hasten near
To Bethlehem; and soon they come
Unto the noble Saviour's home.

That selfsame hour there beams a star
That lightens up the world afar;
Led onward by its ardent beams
Three kings soon realize their dreams.

Lo, see, they fall upon the floor,
Bow low, that PRECIOUS to adore,
Their noblest gifts to Him uphold —
Of frankincense, of myrrh and gold.

Then let your tongues, these Christmas days,
Exalt the BABE for His blest ways —
Praise God, Lord Jesus Christ, the Son
Whose birth for us redemption won!

A Good Resolution

IF I refuse to give anything to missions this year, I practically cast a ballot in favor of the recall of every missionary, both in the home and foreign fields.

IF I give less than heretofore, I favor a reduction of the missionary forces proportionate to my reduced contribution.

IF I give the same as formerly, I favor holding the ground already won, but I disregard any forward movement. My song is, "Hold the Fort!" forgetting that the Lord never intended that His soldiers are under marching orders always. They are commanded to "Go!"

IF I advance my offering beyond former years, then I favor an advance movement in the conquest of new territory for Christ.

Resolved: I do believe in greatly increasing the present number of missionaries; therefore, I will increase my former offerings to missionary work. (*Missionary Review of the World*)



HU. Catholics interested in the conversion of the Negro will rejoice over the recent approval of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart by Pope Pius XI. The Holy Father granted the "Decretum Laudis" (Decree of Praise) to the Society, making it a papal institute under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. St. Joseph's Society began its existence as a separate unit of the Church's Missionary structure in 1892, though its priests, as members of the Mill Hill Foundation in England, had been laboring since 1871 among the Negroes of the United States. "The latest report," says the *Colored Harvest*, "issued by Very Rev. Fr. Pastorelli, S.S.J., L.L.D., Superior General of the Society, shows a marked and encouraging progress. There are 86 priests, ministering to 63,000 souls. Over 1,000 converts were brought into the Church through the efforts of the Fathers in the past year. During the past year there were 81 students at the preparatory college and 61 registered at St. Joseph's Seminary at the Catholic University. Ten young men are pursuing their novitiate training at Newburgh, N. Y...." God grant a speedy increase and lasting success to this zealous band of workers in one of the most neglected spots of His Vineyard.

IN A commencement address at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., Robert W. Bagnall, Secretary of branches of the N.A.A.C.P., commended to all youth, colored and white, the following motto: "No man is superior to me simply because he is white. No man is inferior to me simply because he is black. He alone is my superior who is superior in character, mentality, and attainments. He alone is my inferior, who is inferior in these things" (*Southern Workman*).

A NEW era of Negro Catholic collegiate work began September 13, with the enrollment of approximately 500 colored youths at the New Xavier College, New Orleans, La. It was dedicated October 12, by His Excellency, the Most Rev. John W. Shaw, Archbishop of New Orleans. His Eminence, Denis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, a zealous champion of the rights of colored Catholics, made a special trip to New Orleans for the occasion, and bestowed his episcopal blessing upon the several thousand people who crowded the campus. The dedicatory address was delivered by His Excellency, Most Rev. John Morris, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark. The modern building, just completed at a cost of half a million dollars, consists of three units, administration building and lecture hall, science hall, and faculty building. The old structure which formerly housed the College will be used exclusively for high-school work. Xavier College built and staffed by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, is the only Catholic College for Negroes in the United States. The High-School Department opened in 1915, the Normal in 1917, and the College in 1925. Xavier offers courses in the Arts, Pharmacy, Pre-Medicine, Teachers' Training, and Domestic Science. Graduates of the pharmaceutical and pre-medical courses will receive

recognition by the American Association of Colleges of Pharmacy, and the American Medical Association. The Church's insistence that Catholic students receive a Catholic education from kindergarten to college is slowly but surely bearing fruit for the Catholic American Negro.

THERE have been those who believed that the literal fulfillment of the Scriptural precept to "go into the highways and byways" in order to dispel error by the light of Truth was incompatible with the conventional decorum of modern times. During the past few years, however, the Catholic Evidence Guilds of England and the Catholic Truth Society of Boston have shown this method of disseminating Catholic Doctrine to be both "practical and timely." And now comes the announcement that a group of Catholic Negro professional men and women of Baltimore, under the leadership of Fathers J. T. Gillard, S.S.J., and S. Mathews, S.S.J., have organized the first Negro Catholic Evidence Guild in the United States. The *Colored Harvest* informs us: "The purpose of this colored group is to train race speakers who can, on occasion, give an account of the Faith that is in them.... A board of examiners has been appointed by Archbishop Curley for the purpose of asserting those who are fitted.... It is hoped that the winter months will bring to light many capable Catholic members of the Race so that with the coming of Spring a series of public meetings can be arranged. A convinced and articulate colored Catholic laity will work wonders."

OUR LADY'S CROWN is the title of a new book published by B. Humphries, Boston. It is the first collection ever made of the poems of Catholic Sisters, and has been placed on the famous White List of Cardinal Hayes, and the Approved List of the American Library Association. *Our Colored Missions*, after advertising the merits of the book, as requested by the publishers, continues: "And here is what we have not been asked to say, but shall add: The Editor of this book is a colored man, Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, Poet.... He has published 'The Anthology of Magazine Verse' each year since 1913. Is the editor of the 'The New Poetry Review' since 1916, Spingarn Medalist. Reason for the added word: If the Negro race is to receive unsavory mention whenever a crime is committed by one of its members, why not give honorable mention to the race when a unique contribution to American literature is produced by a Negro?..."

THE work of the Colored Missions received added impetus this year in the opening of a religious vacation school at Houma, La. With about 6,000 inhabitants, Houma has one Catholic Church, St. Francis de Sales, of which Rev. A. Vanderbilt is the pastor. The attached school has nearly 600 pupils, all white. The two Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament who conducted the vacation school

Eleven Years Ago

VACATION, 1921

Reverend Matthew Christman, Rector of the Seminary, makes a trip to the North for a well-needed and well-deserved rest. He returns before the second week of August.

Reverend Francis X. Baltes, S.V.D., former African missionary, who has just come to this country, applied for the colored Seminary to teach here, and has been gladly welcomed by Father Christman.

AUGUST 15th

Before the 15th of August Father Baltes, being an accomplished musician, had trained the Seminarians in Greenville for a Mass to be sung today. It was well rendered this morning, the Feast of the Assumption.

SEPTEMBER 4th

Reverend Aloysius Heick, S.V.D., went to Bay St. Louis to take the place of an assistant to Reverend A. J. Gmelch, pastor of the white parish, and at the same time to look over the repairs to be made on the Voorhies place, which was purchased a short time ago. It was decided to use the few old buildings during the winter for Father Heick and the two candidates for the colored brotherhood.

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Howdy, folks! Are you listening? It surely does feel good to stand up before the microphone this evening after four or five months' absence, and again have a heart-to-heart talk with my vast invisible audience scattered from the Atlantic coast away across to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. I will unfold the famous magic carpet and let it float over the vast United States of America, and all that you have to do is open your parlor window and let it come right into your home. On it you will find all the news that's fit to print of who is who and what is what. You'll find it bit by bit.

You no doubt are anxious to know what happened here during the summer. There wasn't a wheel turning, folks. All the students were spending

Odds and Ends happy days at home, sweet home. To change the atmosphere and surroundings for our studious seminarians, who labor all year at their philosophy and theology, a well deserved vacation was given them along with their Reverend Prefect. A few days after the end of the school semester they all motored to their summer camp at Mon Louis Island, near Mobile, Alabama. Here they spent a very pleasant eight weeks' vacation in outdoor sports. They came back full of pep. One would judge that they were fed on grape-nuts — perhaps they were. The Reverend Fathers were on parish work in and out of the State of Mississippi. So the Seminary was as quiet as the Egyptian Sphinx.

There is an old saying, boys and girls, that all things come to an end, even vacations.

Another Year Well, on the 5th of September we swung open the doors of St. Augustine's to welcome once again the members of the student-body. The genial Reverend Prefect was on hand to receive the students. Radio idols such as Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Rudy Vallee, and a host of others could not get a hearing until old acquaintances were renewed and the newcomers made to feel at home. Oh yeah? Textbooks were soon dusted, inkwells and fountain pens filled, pencils sharpened, and, perhaps, a few brain cobwebs were swept away as the students settled down to their classes again. At present we number thirty-seven in the High School

and College and seven in the Seminary, and five in our Novitiate at East Troy, Wisconsin.

Student Activities Down in the backyard (our way of referring to the student campus) during the autumnal days the pig-skin artists were developing their punts and drop kicks. The students teamed off according to weight played away their recreation periods with a dash and speed, characteristic of the glorious lists when knighthood was in flower. As these teams were light and evenly matched most of the ground gaining was negotiated via the aerial route. The crucial test takes place on "Turkey Day." The tennis courts are in constant use by the racket fans, and basketball is now making its appearance.

Clerical Changes During the summer months we experienced a few transfers among our staff. The Rev. Theodore Koeller, S.V.D., who was stationed here during the past five years left for our new college at Edworth, Iowa. Father John Hoffman, who spent a few years teaching at the Seminary, also departed for a cooler clime. Our beloved Mr. Moses Reszel (a lay teacher), with a sad heart packed up his trunk and stepped on the gas of his Ford Coupe. Over the highway he flew and

landed in his home state which glories in the motto "You gotta show me." In return for these we added to our staff the Rev. Joseph Shendill, S.V.D., who for the past four years has been Professor of Latin and Greek in our college at Girard, Pa. The Rev. James Downes, who hails from Chicago, also is among us. He was sent here by His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, and is on the staff. From all appearances these new arrivals are enjoying the Sunny South.

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New Superior General know that in September we received notice from Rome that our new Superior General had been elected. For the next twelve years we have as Superior General of our Society the Very Rev. Joseph Grendel, S.V.D. Since the Society was founded (1875) it has had three Generals. At the present time the Society numbers 6 bishops; 4 prefects apostolic; 1150 priests; 775 seminarians; including novices; 1511 brothers; 207 postulants; and about 4,000 students enrolled in the high-school and college courses. In the States we have an enrollment of over 400 students.

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"About one o'clock the Holy Father entered the audience room, where the members of the Chapter were assembled. It was my privilege to present the various members, whom he greeted in turn. To each he extended his hand to be kissed, and some he graciously honored with very cordial remarks. The missionaries had brought along various gifts for the Holy Father. At their presentation Father Shullien supplied fuller explanations as to their age, use, and significance. In these the Holy Father was intensely interested and declared

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"We rejoice, dear sons, over this occasion to see you and to greet you. We rejoice the more, because We have before Our mind's eye at this moment the family of the Society of the Divine Word, whose official representatives you are. With greatest joy We have listened to the reports of your many works in the service of God and the Church in the wide world. We wish you from all Our heart happiness for the great success and progress you are experiencing in your many undertakings. With these good wishes We combine the joyous confidence that in future also the Society of the Divine Word will accomplish great



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things with God's grace, for We have learned how your novitiates thrive and how many novices the Lord has sent you. The novices are in truth the hope of the future and for the future activity of the Society. With all Our heart We grant you Our blessing, a bountiful blessing, every blessing for yourselves and your whole Society, especially, however, for your missionaries and your novices."

Our Debt of Gratitude

AT no time do we realize the great debt of gratitude which we owe all readers of ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER better than in the days which immediately follow Christmas.

The demands of this season of the year upon purses, for gifts to friends, and for charities to the needy, are many. Yet, we fully realize that we were not sparing our faithful ones when we sent out our Christmas greeting and appeal on behalf of our Seminary.

Our hearts, therefore, go out in sincerest gratitude to all our faithful friends who responded and to those who, writing words of encouragement, begged to be excused owing to inability. We understand that there are many needs and appeals for alleviation of the same; no one can answer all. St. Augustine's Seminary feels that it received its share of the Christmas sacrifices of our good Catholic people and is profoundly grateful.

Olympic After-thoughts

FIVE Negroes, three men and two women, were members of Uncle Sam's teams in the recent Olympic Games. All covered themselves with glory. Eddie Tolan won the 100 meter relay, with Ralph Metcalfe, a recent convert to the Faith, following close behind. Edward Gordon, cap-



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things with God's grace, for We have learned how your novitiates thrive and how many novices the Lord has sent you. The novices are in truth the hope of the future and for the future activity of the Society. With all Our heart We grant you Our blessing, a bountiful blessing, every blessing for yourselves and your whole Society, especially, however, for your missionaries and your novices."

—:—

Our Debt of Gratitude

AT no time do we realize the great debt of gratitude which we owe all readers of ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER better than in the days which immediately follow Christmas.

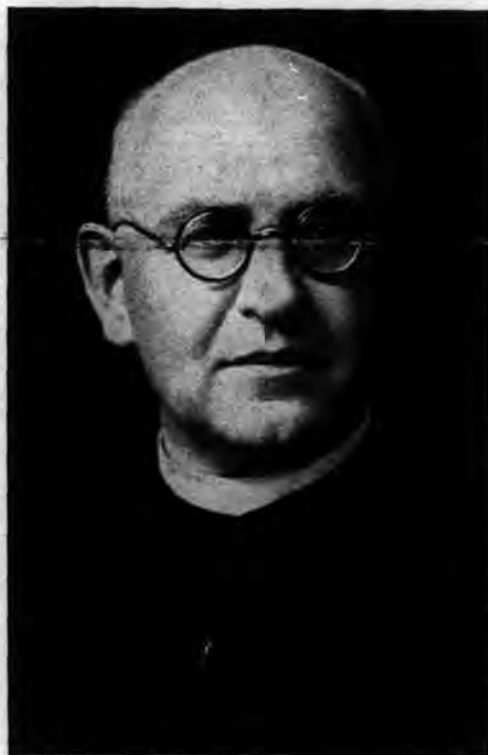
The demands of this season of the year upon purses, for gifts to friends, and for charities to the needy, are many. Yet, we fully realize that we were not sparing our faithful ones when we sent out our Christmas greeting and appeal on behalf of our Seminary.

Our hearts, therefore, go out in sincerest gratitude to all our faithful friends who responded and to those who, writing words of encouragement, begged to be excused owing to inability. We understand that there are many needs and appeals for alleviation of the same; no one can answer all. St. Augustine's Seminary feels that it received its share of the Christmas sacrifices of our good Catholic people and is profoundly grateful.

—:—

Olympic After-thoughts

FIVE Negroes, three men and two women, were members of Uncle Sam's teams in the recent Olympic Games. All covered themselves with glory. Eddie Tolan won the 100 meter relay, with Ralph Metcalfe, a recent convert to the Faith, following close behind. Edward Gordon, cap-



Very Rev. Joseph Grendel, S.V.D., D.D.

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WE in this country have always known the vigor and venom of anti-Catholic propaganda. It is no new thing to us. Against all the danger threatening the Church, the Holy Father asks us to use the strongest of all weapons of defense, prayer; prayer that the Catholics may be raised to new efforts to preserve the Faith, that those who have become lukewarm may be fired once more with love of their religion, and that those who are spreading false doctrines may be enlightened to see their error, and may themselves be led into the true Church of Christ. Let your prayers during this month center around this special intention; namely, cessation of anti-Catholic propaganda.



ST. JOSEPH, the foster-father of the Infant Saviour, and the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, the patron of the Universal Church, is a helper in every want of body and soul and in all circumstances. Therefore, have recourse to this glorious saint. Every day, how many innocent children come in danger of losing their most beautiful treasure of innocence, how many sinners and pagans pass away every minute, how many orphans stand moaning and weeping at the graves of their beloved parents, and how many poor souls beg for our prayers! Moreover, how many fathers are there who can find no work, and mothers who have no food nor clothing for their children. For all these things we should implore God's help through the intercession of St. Joseph during the month of March.

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It proves something else. It proves once more that, given a fair chance, the Negro can compete with the best in every pursuit of life. We as Americans love good sportsmanship. The "poor sport" is despised. But have not we been guilty of mighty poor sportsmanship in our attitude towards the Negro?

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Fact for Reflection

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That opens up more smiles to me;
And somewhere, sometime, we shall find
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And stupid blunders washed away,
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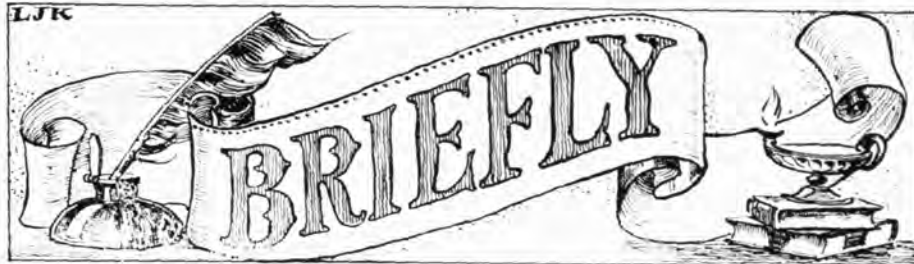
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Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is Station WSAS at St. Augustine's Seminary. This evening it is again our pleasure and privilege to give the chronicler the air. Okay, Bay St. Louis!

Thank you, Mr. Knight, for giving me the air. Howdy, folks! Ho-ho-ho, what a day! I have just completed my last bit of news here at "The Bay," and wrapped them up in this magic carpet. Open your windows, boys and girls, and let this magic carpet float right into your home.

There is, folks, one matter of common consent among us; and it is this — I may be late in telling you so — that Thanksgiving was certainly celebrated in a glorious, Southern fashion. In the first place, though, we were not privileged this year to bask under the sun and enjoy one of those good old Southern balmy days, but instead we had one of those typical wet days, which we are so famous for — I hope there's no misunderstanding. This Thanksgiving Day brought back to my mind those familiar scenes on the wild New England shore, where the Pilgrims landed three hundred years ago. Here, on these shores, the Pilgrims, after long and severe hardships, showed the master sentiment of their hearts with a beautiful tribute of thanksgiving to God, their Father, who had supported them through tasks and trials they could never have borne alone. We also, in token of our sincere gratitude, offered up the Holy Sacrifice to the "Giver of all good gifts." During the forenoon the students held a sort of field day in which they exerted their skill in various sports. The pole-vault was purposely omitted, because on this day of days every one knows it is impossible for an athlete to aviate. From appearances the other events were in low gear.

The afternoon events were in progress a short time, only to be brought to a sad ending by old man Pluvius. The familiar ditty, "Banking on the weather, hope it doesn't rain," was all in vain. To make things cheerful we had recourse to the old reliable. — Here, I'll give you three guesses as to what it was. — Music? To be sure. We had our orchestra, and it was right on the job for the occasion. It was music, music everywhere. Everybody gave them a big hand. Says you!

The path to the priesthood is a long trail awinding, but there are milestones set along the way. It is always with feelings of joy, and even of fear, that callow seminarians prepare themselves for the various orders. On

December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, five of our seminarians reached another milestone on the road to the priesthood. His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, Bishop of Natchez, Miss., conferred upon them the last two Minor Orders; namely, exorcist and acolyte. Their next milestones are subdeaconate and deaconate, which will be conferred in the fall of 1933, and priesthood in the spring of 1934.

In the evening the students staged a long-looked-for entertainment. During the performances we learned that Louisiana had something besides mosquitoes and Huey Long, the "King-fish." The program was in the hands of a proficient master of ceremonies, who introduced each number. His introductory remarks were seasoned with spicy and pithy phrases. This master of ceremonies, am glad to say, is an ardent reader of the MESSENGER, especially the "Listening In," as he began all his remarks with, "Well, folks." This, of course, brought on an hilarious laughter from the audience. Every now and then the Maestro had a little surprise for us. The hit of the night was the crooning, in à la McCormick fashion, "Somewhere a voice is calling."

The teapot of activity stewed humbly during December with Christmas

Too Busy

The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do,

I said, "You get somebody else — or wait till I get through."

I don't know how the Lord came out, but He seemed to get along;

But I felt kind o' sneakin' like, 'cause I knowed I done Him wrong.

One day I needed the Lord, needed Him right away —

And He never answered me at all, but I could hear Him say,

Down in my accusin' heart: "Negro, I's got too much to do.

You get somebody else — or wait till I get through."

Now when the Lord has a job for me, I never tries to shirk;

I drops what I have on hand and does the good Lord's work;

And my affairs can run along, or wait till I get through,

Nobody else can do the work that God's marked out for you.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

The Rush Is On

All things led up to it in quick and martial procession. From attic to basement the knowing spy could sense the excitement and underhand dealings. And before the sun limned the eastern skies with long splashes of pale scarlet, softly through the corridors of St. Augustine's stole the strains of "Silent Night," proclaiming to the slumbering that the dawn of our Lord's birthday had appeared. Born in a stable, bedded on straw, cradled in a manger — yet this was our Redeemer.

The gala day wore away in holiday fashion. Having wished "A Merry Christmas" to your fifty confreres, the idea gets fastened into your system to stay and cheer. From room to room we sauntered and sized up the various cribs, trees, and decorations with the wide-eyed wonderment of children who study the displays along New Orleans's Canal Street the week before Santa Claus comes. In the evening we gathered in the auditorium to witness a program of music, speeches, and poems. Oh, what would a program be without its poems! After such an eventful day we retired with the strains of "When It's Sleepy Time Down South."

After a short vacation classes were resumed. The boys, like rattling reliable Fords, needed a good deal of cranking and tightening up before their classwork was purged of its holiday traces. However, there is one damper always effective at this time of the year — the announcement of mid-year exams. Give them a big hand, folks, because they surely settled down to business.

Bankers complain of the fifteenth and the last of each month as nerve-racking. Farmers speak in low tones of those tiresome harvest days; soldiers shudder a bit when they live again, in memory, those moments, "over the top" — but students, be they seminarians, botanists, rhetoricians, or historians, know what exams mean. They will allow of no comparison; they stand in a class by themselves; they are heavy, nerve-racking, tiresome, maybe fatal (all this, folks, from a college boy's point of view).

And now, boys and girls, "Somewhere a voice is calling." See you subsequently.

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S Messenger

Vol. X. No. 3. Published Quarterly by St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss.

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vary's heights to gaze upon a dying God-man. Contemplate there the mystery of an infinite sacrifice, the mystery of God's love for man. Weary with unbelief abandoning false leaders, creeds, and vain hopes beneath the Cross, men can call on the heavenly Father with confidence and trust. And the mercy of God shall come down upon them.

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Every Active Catholic an Active Missionary

LET us put the question: Why should every active Catholic be also an active missionary?



In the first place, every Catholic should so appreciate his religion as to be glad and anxious to tell it to others who know it not. Who but a Catholic can exclaim with greater truth the words of the Psalmist: "What shall I render to the Lord for all the things that He hath rendered to me?" Thus, pure gratitude should compel every Catholic to become a missionary in spirit, if not in fact; and to be willing at all times, and under all possible circumstances, to spread the light of Faith in return for his own chief blessings.

In the second place, every Catholic should be a missionary because Christ, his Master, was one. Jesus is the Pattern and Model for all others, that they may follow in His footsteps. Jesus was, and is, the greatest Missionary, commissioned from His Eternal Father to propagate the greatest truths ever given to mankind for the salvation of the human race. And, since each and every one of us is a member of this great human family, so each and every one of us should wish to assist every other member to gain the grace of eternal salvation.

In the third place, every Catholic should be a missionary because of Christ's command, "Go ye and teach all nations," and, "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

Are these foregoing reasons not sufficient to make every Catholic stop to consider the subject seriously, and to acknowledge a share in the responsibilities which rest upon all to see to it that these precepts of Christ are fulfilled, — in ourselves and others, each according to a person's several abilities and means?



Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is Station WSAS at St. Augustine's Seminary. This evening it is again our pleasure and privilege to give the chronicle the air. Okay, Bay St. Louis!

Thank you, Mr. Knight, for giving me the air. Howdy, folks! Ho-ho-ho, what a day! I have just completed my last bit of news here at "The Bay," and wrapped them up in this magic carpet. Open your windows, boys and girls, and let this magic carpet float right into your home.

There is, folks, one matter of common consent among us; and it is this — I may be late in telling you so — that Thanksgiving was certainly celebrated in a glorious, Southern fashion. In the first place, though, we were not privileged this year to bask under the sun and enjoy one of those good old Southern balmy days, but instead we had one of those typical wet days, which we are so famous for — I hope there's no misunderstanding. This Thanksgiving Day brought back to my mind those familiar scenes on the wild New England shore, where the Pilgrims landed three hundred years ago. Here, on these shores, the Pilgrims, after long and severe hardships, showed the master sentiment of their hearts with a beautiful tribute of thanksgiving to God, their Father, who had supported them through tasks and trials they could never have borne alone. We also, in token of our sincere gratitude, offered up the Holy Sacrifice to the "Giver of all good gifts." During the forenoon the students held a sort of field day in which they exerted their skill in various sports. The pole-vault was purposely omitted, because on this day of days every one knows it is impossible for an athlete to aviate. From appearances the other events were in low gear.

The afternoon events were in progress a short time, only to be brought to a sad ending by old man Pluvius. The familiar ditty, "Banking on the weather, hope it doesn't rain," was all in vain. To make things cheerful we had recourse to the old reliable. — Here, I'll give you three guesses as to what it was. — Music? To be sure. We had our orchestra, and it was right on the job for the occasion. It was music, music everywhere. Everybody gave them a big hand. Says you!

The path to the priesthood is a long trail awinding, but there are milestones set along the way. It is always with feelings of joy, and even of fear, that callow seminarians prepare themselves for the various orders. On

December 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, five of our seminarians reached another milestone on the road to the priesthood. His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, Bishop of Natchez, Miss., conferred upon them the last two Minor Orders; namely, exorcist and acolyte. Their next milestones are subdeaconate and deaconate, which will be conferred in the fall of 1933, and priesthood in the spring of 1934.

In the evening the students staged a long-looked-for entertainment. During the performances we learned that Louisiana had something besides mosquitoes and Huey Long, the "King-fish." The program was in the hands of a proficient master of ceremonies, who introduced each number. His introductory remarks were seasoned with spicy and pithy phrases. This master of ceremonies, am glad to say, is an ardent reader of the MESSENGER, especially the "Listening In," as he began all his remarks with, "Well, folks." This, of course, brought on a hilarious laughter from the audience. Every now and then the Maestro had a little surprise for us. The hit of the night was the crooning, in a la McCormick fashion, "Somewhere a voice is calling."

The teapot of activity stewed humbly during December with Christmas

The Rush Is On

All things led up to it in quick and martial procession. From attic to basement the knowing spy could sense the excitement and underhand dealings. And before the sun limned the eastern skies with long splashes of pale scarlet, softly through the corridors of St. Augustine's stole the strains of "Silent Night," proclaiming to the slumbering that the dawn of our Lord's birthday had appeared. Born in a stable, bedded on straw, cradled in a manger — yet this was our Redeemer.

The gala day wore away in holiday fashion. Having wished "A Merry Christmas" to your fifty confreres, the idea gets fastened into your system to stay and cheer. From room to room we sauntered and sized up the various cribs, trees, and decorations with the wide-eyed wonderment of children who study the displays along New Orleans's Canal Street the week before Santa Claus comes. In the evening we gathered in the auditorium to witness a program of music, speeches, and poems. Oh, what would a program be without its poems! After such an eventful day we retired with the strains of "When It's Sleepy Time Down South."

After a short vacation classes were resumed. The boys, like rattling reliable Fords, needed a good deal of cranking and tightening up before their classwork was purged of its holiday traces. However, there is one damper always effective at this time of the year — the announcement of mid-year exams. Give them a big hand, folks, because they surely settled down to business.

Bankers complain of the fifteenth and the last of each month as nerve-racking. Farmers speak in low tones of those tiresome harvest days; soldiers shudder a bit when they live again, in memory, those moments, "over the top" — but students, be they seminarians, botanists, rhetoricians, or historians, know what exams mean. They will allow of no comparison; they stand in a class by themselves; they are heavy, nerve-racking, tiresome, maybe fatal (all this, folks, from a college boy's point of view).

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Too Busy

The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do.

I said, "You get somebody else — or wait till I get through."

I don't know how the Lord came out, but He seemed to get along;

But I felt kind o' sneakin' like, 'cause I knowed I done Him wrong.

One day I needed the Lord, needed Him right away —

And He never answered me at all, but I could hear Him say,

Down in my accusin' heart: "Negro, I's got too much to do."

You get somebody else — or wait till I get through."

Now when the Lord has a job for me, I never tries to shirk;

I drops what I have on hand and does the good Lord's work;

And my affairs can run along, or wait till I get through.

Nobody else can do the work that God's marked out for you.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

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OUR holy mother, the Church, never tires of praising the Mother of God as the purest and holiest of creatures, — except her Divine Son. She is extolled especially as the model of purity. There is, indeed, a striking need in the present day of the reign of the Blessed Virgin in the hearts of men. How many there are in these days of loose morals and immodest conduct, who sully their bodies! How many there are who indulge in scurrilous talk, and passion-provoking amusements! Pray, therefore, that there may be an increased devotion to Mary, the model of purity, and that through her benign and gracious intercession an age that needs her help so much may witness the birth of a stronger will to observe purity dear to Mary, the Mother of purity.

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to Catholic America for the conversion of the Negro.

"I now come to the point where I am going to ask two donations from my fellow white Catholics, ... Every time a Catholic, white or colored, attends Mass he has a wonderful privilege, which unfortunately, I fear, he seldom thinks of, namely, that he with the priest is offering the Sacrifice. Before the Sanctus ... the priest ... says ... 'Orate Fratres,' that is, 'Pray Brethren,' ... 'That my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable before God the Father Almighty.' 'My Sacrifice and yours.' What does that mean? Nothing less than that every attendant in the church has a part in the Sacrifice which belongs to him and which he may offer up for his own intention. ... Let every Catholic, white or colored, at every Mass he attends, add this one: 'And Lord grant the gift of the true Faith to the colored race of America.' What a volume of the most precious prayer will begin to go up to the throne of the Almighty every day in the week, but especially on Sunday, for the work in which we are engaged.

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No Sorrow and Sighing

In days of gray, or days of gold
My heart is filled with pain;
Mine eyes have known the fruit of tears,
My soul felt sorrow's chain.

My wounds shall heal one joyful day
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Shall whirl me like a withered leaf
That knows no pain or fears.

Then hope and joy shall beckon me
To His eternal place,
And grief shall vanish when I see
My Saviour's holy face.

My Mother

Poets write some wond'rous stories,
Write of love, tales old and new;
Artists paint some marv'lous pictures,
Fields of green, and skies of blue.

But there is a little story,
Never by a poet told,
Nor on canvas e'er depicted
By an artist's hand most bold.

Do you know this little story,
Never whispered by another?
Have you seen my little picture?
'Tis my love for you — my Mother.

MAIL YOUR INTENTIONS FOR THE NEXT NOVENA!



RALPH H. METCALFE, Olympic hero and student of Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis., is a convert to the Catholic Church. E. S. Carpenter quotes him in the *Interracial Review* thus: "My conversion didn't come, as some of my non-Catholic friends have intimated, through undue influence on the part of my good friends, the Jesuits Fathers... Long before I came to Marquette I was interested in the Catholic Faith, and my observations here only confirmed many conclusions which I had deduced."

GHOSE, who are always appealing for support of the Negro Missions in the United States, do so, not to turn the eyes of Catholics away from the Foreign Missions, but to direct their attention to the prior claim of the Home missions on their aid. In the February *Mission Fields at Home*, Father Albert Muntz, S.J., writes: "Mission Fields at Home — the very title ought to be a challenge to American Catholics. We need not all aspire to carry the Gospel of Christ, and the sweet story of the Rood to 'India's coral strands.' There is work to be done in these mission fields at home. We can all help. Never ought it be said by the future historian of the Church in America that while fixing our eyes on larger gains, we neglected the opportunities at our very doors. 'Charity begins at home' is a true saying in more senses than one." And lest some think that such sentiments are confined to priests alone, hear what Mr. Elmo Anderson, President of the Layman's Union of New York, said in a recent radio address: "How little it sometimes takes to win the hearts of Negroes! Will you do that little? Do you say that you would like to convert Africa? — and you will not speak a word that will convert the African at home! Do you give alms to carry the Glad Tidings to India, China and Japan? — and you will not speak the word which carries the same Heavenly message to you colored American neighbor! Dare we be honest about souls? Here is the Negro who brushes elbows with us; why not speak to him, invite him to our church, accompany him to the priest, instruct him, take him into our schools? Examples draw where precept fails, and sermons are less read than tales..."

THE Negro scientist, George W. Carver, Professor of Tuskegee Institute, Ala., and Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain, continues to surprise the world with his experiments on ordinary vegetables and the synthetic products obtained from them. Now we learn that he has succeeded in obtaining from peanuts a milk, the cream of which can be made into butter. "But that's not all this wonderful colored man has done," remarks the *News and Observer* of Raleigh, N. C. "From sweet potatoes he has obtained 118 products from library paste to stock food, from vinegar to molasses, and from candy to ink and shoe blacking. And they say he is still going strong, working right on with the hidden mysteries of the soybean, dandelion, sweetgum, willow, okra, cotton stalks, tomato stems, and what else, making useful products from everyone of them. From the

lowly peanut he has taken... 202 useful articles, from powders and linoleum to dyes for cloth, sauces for salads, milk and other beverages, shampoos and facial cream... Edison once offered this colored man a princely salary to spend five years in the Edison laboratories, but he modestly preferred to remain with his own work among his own people. And so, like Edison, he has proved to be more interesting even than the wonderful things he has done."

THE evidence is not conclusive, but considerable data has been gathered to support the thesis that the world owes the art of music to the black race. From this it would seem that the art spread up from Africa into our Occidental world. Certainly, as every one who knows the colored people appreciates, music is natural to them... Recently we had the privilege of hearing the choir of the Fiske University for colored boys and girls sing at Carnegie Hall. Besides rendering in their incomparable beauty and purity some of the songs native to the American Negro, so rightly called spirituals, the choir sang two or three plain songs by Palestrina. The intuition, or gift, which they showed for harmonizing, for bringing simply indescribable chimes and overtones out of the contrapuntal parts, was indeed exquisite high art. It led us to wish devoutly that more choirs of colored singers could be organized for the rendering of plainchant." — *The Commonwealth*

CHINA, pagan and backward tho' it be, has served to open the eyes of at least one white American to the injustice of race prejudice. The following, appearing in *Opportunity*, are the words of Pearl S. Buck, 1932 Pulitzer Prize winner, the daughter of Southern parents, but who herself has lived many years in the Far East. "I am glad to have lived among those of another race... It has taught me not only to see and be ashamed of race arrogance in members of my own race, but I know through bitter experience what it is to suffer because others despise me for being white... I have had, even, that strange and terrible experience of facing death because of my color. At those times nothing, nothing I might have done could have saved me. I could not hide my race... I consider race feeling in any country, in any individual of any race, to be a deadly poisonous emotion, the foe to humanity. Every man and woman of intelligence must fight it in himself, in herself, everywhere."

A CHURCH for colored Catholics is in contemplation in Liverpool, England. When it is built it will be the only one of its kind in England. There are about six hundred colored people in Liverpool and it is estimated that about two hundred and fifty of them are Catholics." — *The Denver Register*

"Q.: Why do colored Catholics object to colored Catholic Churches when all other nationalities, Irish, Polish, Italian, have their own churches?"

"A.: If a Catholic church is located in a neighborhood inhabited predominantly by colored people, it is to be expected that

the congregation of this church will be predominantly colored. To this kind of Colored Catholic Church there is not, nor can there ever be, any objection. The objection, however, as every Negro knows, is to the effort made to send every colored Catholic in a city to the 'Colored Church' once it is established; and therein lies the difference between 'Colored Churches' and churches of other nationalities. Imagine, if you can, an Irishman who lives two blocks from a Catholic church, being compelled to go ten miles across town to an 'Irish Catholic Church' to receive the services of a parish." — ARTHUR G. FALLS in *Our Colored Missions*

Eleven Years Ago

FEBRUARY 2

Our Very Reverend Father Provincial, Peter T. Janser, S.V.D., is now in Bay St. Louis. Fathers Christman and Baltes also have gone there to look over the new property.

FEBRUARY 3

Together with Father Heick the abovementioned Fathers went over the new property carefully and decided on the spot where the first building is to be erected.

It has been decided by the Very Reverend Superior General, Wm. Gier, S.V.D., to call the seminary "Saint Augustine's." However, Father Provincial advised that in order to avoid confusion with the present Sacred Heart College, (as the school here in Greenville is now called) not to announce the name to the public before we are able to build at Bay St. Louis.

MARCH 19

Father Heick writes from Bay St. Louis: "During March we have been praying hard that St. Joseph may help us to succeed with the building this summer. So far the money has been coming in very slowly. It is a hard thing to meet our monthly expenses. Still we were able to buy the adjoining property with house for \$325."

"On the feast of St. Joseph we purchased the Rosenberg property on Second Street. This good old colored Catholic woman worked and saved for years to pay for this home, but later on got sick and could not keep it up."

"Father Provincial Janser brought some plans along from Mr. Caul, architect of Chicago, which should be changed in order to accommodate them to southern conditions. The first and central building will be 103 by 60 feet."

Burn a Vigil Light in our Seminary Chapel. For one dollar your light will burn during the novena.

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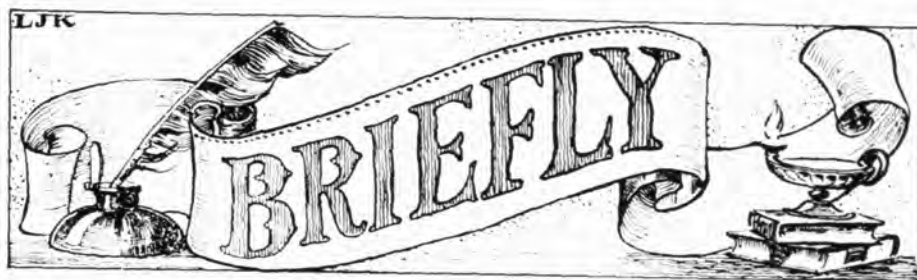
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Write of love, tales old and new;
Artists paint some marvellous pictures,
Fields of green, and skies of blue.

But there is a little story,
Never by a poet told,
Nor on canvas e'er depicted
By an artist's hand most bold.

Do you know this little story,
Never whispered by another?
Have you seen my little picture?
'Tis my love for you — my Mother.

MAIL YOUR INTENTIONS FOR THE NEXT NOVENA!



RALPH H. METCALFE, Olympic hero and student of Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis., is a convert to the Catholic Church. E. S. Carpenter quotes him in the *Inter-racial Review* thus: "My conversion didn't come, as some of my non-Catholic friends have intimated, through undue influence on the part of my good friends, the Jesuits Fathers... Long before I came to Marquette I was interested in the Catholic Faith, and my observations here only confirmed many conclusions which I had deduced."

CHOSE, who are always appealing for support of the Negro Missions in the United States, do so, not to turn the eyes of Catholics away from the Foreign Missions, but to direct their attention to the prior claim of the Home missions on their aid. In the February *Mission Fields at Home*, Father Albert Muntz, S.J., writes: "Mission Fields at Home — the very title ought to be a challenge to American Catholics. We can all help. Never ought it be said by the future historian of the Church in America that while fixing our eyes on larger gains, we neglected the opportunities at our very doors. 'Charity begins at home' is a true saying in more senses than one." And lest some think that such sentiments are confined to priests alone, hear what Mr. Elmo Anderson, President of the Layman's Union of New York, said in a recent radio address: "How little it sometimes takes to win the hearts of Negroes! Will you do that little? Do you say that you would like to convert Africa? — and you will not speak a word that will convert the African at home! Do you give alms to carry the Glad Tidings to India, China and Japan? — and you will not speak the word which carries the same Heavenly message to you colored American neighbor! Dare we be honest about souls? Here is the Negro who brushes elbows with us; why not speak to him, invite him to our church, accompany him to the priest, instruct him, take him into our schools? Examples draw where precept fails, and sermons are less read than tales..."

THE Negro scientist, George W. Carver, Professor of Tuskegee Institute, Ala., and Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain, continues to surprise the world with his experiments on ordinary vegetables and the synthetic products obtained from them. Now we learn that he has succeeded in obtaining from peanuts a milk, the cream of which can be made into butter. "But that's not all this wonderful colored man has done," remarks the *Nexes and Observer* of Raleigh, N. C. "From sweet potatoes he has obtained 118 products from library paste to stock food, from vinegar to molasses, and from candy to ink and shoe blacking. And they say he is still going strong, working right on with the hidden mysteries of the soybean, dandelion, sweetgum, willow, okra, cotton stalks, tomato stems, and what else making useful products from everyone of them. From the

lowly peanut he has taken... 202 useful articles, from powders and linoleum to dyes for cloth, sauces for salads, milk and other beverages, shampoos and facial cream... Edison once offered this colored man a princely salary to spend five years in the Edison laboratories, but he modestly preferred to remain with his own work among his own people. And so, like Edison, he has proved to be more interesting even than the wonderful things he has done."

THE evidence is not conclusive, but considerable data has been gathered to support the thesis that the world owes the art of music to the black race. From this it would seem that the art spread up from Africa into our Occidental world. Certainly, as every one who knows the colored people appreciates, music is natural to them... Recently we had the privilege of hearing the choir of the Fiske University for colored boys and girls sing at Carnegie Hall. Besides rendering in their incomparable beauty and purity some of the songs native to the American Negro, so rightly called spirituals, the choir sang two or three plain songs by Palestrina. The intuition, or gift, which they showed for harmonizing, for bringing simply indescribable chimes and overtones out of the contrapuntal parts, was indeed exquisite high art. It led us to wish devoutly that more choirs of colored singers could be organized for the rendering of plainchant." — *The Commonwealth*

CHINA, pagan and backward tho' it be, has served to open the eyes of at least one white American to the injustice of race prejudice. The following, appearing in *Opportunity*, are the words of Pearl S. Buck, 1932 Pulitzer Prize winner, the daughter of Southern parents, but who herself has lived many years in the Far East. "I am glad to have lived among those of another race... It has taught me not only to see and be ashamed of race arrogance in members of my own race, but I know through bitter experience what it is to suffer because others despise me for being white... I have had, even, that strange and terrible experience of facing death because of my color. At those times nothing, nothing I might have done could have saved me. I could not hide my race... I consider race feeling in any country, in any individual of any race, to be a deadly poisonous emotion, the foe to humanity. Every man and woman of intelligence must fight it in himself, in herself, everywhere."

ACHURCH for colored Catholics is in contemplation in Liverpool, England. When it is built it will be the only one of its kind in England. There are about six hundred colored people in Liverpool and it is estimated that about two hundred and fifty of them are Catholics." — *The Denver Register*

Q: Why do colored Catholics object to colored Catholic Churches when all other nationalities, Irish, Polish, Italian, have their own churches?"

A: If a Catholic church is located in a neighborhood inhabited predominantly by colored people, it is to be expected that

the congregation of this church will be predominantly colored. To this kind of Colored Catholic Church there is not, nor can there ever be, any objection. The objection, however, as every Negro knows, is to the effort made to send every colored Catholic in a city to the 'Colored Church' once it is established; and therein lies the difference between 'Colored Churches' and churches of other nationalities. Imagine, if you can, an Irishman who lives two blocks from a Catholic church, being compelled to go ten miles across town to an 'Irish Catholic Church' to receive the services of a parish." — **ARTHUR G. FALLS** in *Our Colored Missions*

Eleven Years Ago

FEBRUARY 2

Our Very Reverend Father Provincial, Peter T. Janser, S.V.D., is now in Bay St. Louis. Fathers Christman and Baltes also have gone there to look over the new property.

FEBRUARY 3

Together with Father Heick the abovementioned Fathers went over the new property carefully and decided on the spot where the first building is to be erected.

It has been decided by the Very Reverend Superior General, Wm. Gier, S.V.D., to call the seminary "Saint Augustine's." However, Father Provincial advised that in order to avoid confusion with the present Sacred Heart College (as the school here in Greenville is now called) not to announce the name to the public before we are able to build at Bay St. Louis.

MARCH 19

Father Heick writes from Bay St. Louis: "During March we have been praying hard that St. Joseph may help us to succeed with the building this summer. So far the money has been coming in very slowly. It is a hard thing to meet our monthly expenses. Still we were able to buy the adjoining property with house for \$325."

"On the feast of St. Joseph we purchased the Rosenberg property on Second Street. This good old colored Catholic woman worked and saved for years to pay for this home, but later on got sick and could not keep it up."

"Father Provincial Janser brought some plans along from Mr. Gaul, architect of Chicago, which should be changed in order to accommodate them to southern conditions. The first and central building will be 103 by 60 feet."

Burn a Vigil Light in our Seminary Chapel. For one dollar your light will burn during the novena.



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Hello, everybody, this is — no, this is not Kate Smith — this is the chronicler speaking from "The Bay." Howdy, folks! Everybody happy? "Yes, sir, and as fit as a fiddle." That's what I call good news. Now that you all are happy and gay let's settle down for a little chinning — and I'll do that. Thank ye, folks, for that privilege.

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Here and there are squads, and individuals spading, grubbing, planting and hoeing. Others are working their way through the underbrush. When all is said and done, perhaps it will be "Little Riviere of the South." Such is our observation, folks, flying at an altitude of 1,000 feet over St. Augustine's.

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And you're left there all alone —
Fight on!

If your friends should all desert you
And it's more than you can bear,
Even though through life's darkest hue
It's made you cease to care —
Fight on!

When the smiles come fewer, scarcer,
harder,
When your heart seems made of lead,
When the trail seems steeper, rougher,
darker
And disaster looms ahead —
Fight on!

If your efforts seem in vain
And all you do seems all for naught,
Try to grin, to smile, — then try again
For victory is sweet, though dearly bought
Fight on!

Then when again the skies seem fair
And the rainbow's end seems near,
Raise your head to Heaven and thank
Him there
For He's the One that helped you dare.
Fight on and on and on!

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OVER three quarters of a century ago Stephen C. Foster tracked down the haunting Negro melodies of the Southland, consigned them to paper as far as he was able, and gave to the world "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," etc. Today another composer, this time a Negro, is tracing out and gathering not only slave songs, but also the spontaneous creations of the new Negro, weaving them together and building upon their melodic foundation. And from this has resulted "Symphony No. 1," the first symphony of its kind ever written by a Negro. The composer is William L. Dawson, Director of the Tuskegee Choir and formerly first-trombonist of the Chicago Civic Orchestra. *The Literary Digest* quotes Mr. Dawson describing his symphony as "an attempt to develop Negro music, a something they have said again and again could not be developed... I have never doubted the possibilities of our music, for I feel that buried in the South is a music that somebody, someday, will discover. They will make another great world music of the folk songs of that section." That the brilliant young composer has not escaped the usual racial discriminations is clear from the following excerpt from the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Mr. Dawson was graduated with first honors by the Horner Institute of Fine Arts in Kansas City, Kans., but because he was a Negro he was not allowed to sit on the platform the day that Henry J. Allen, Governor of Kansas, distributed the diplomas. He sat in the gallery, and his diploma was delivered to a proxy. However, on that occasion the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra played one of his compositions."

THE average non-Catholic Negro church is a social center. The members gather at the church, not only to obtain material for spiritual advancement, but also to seek social contact, the exchange of ideas, healthy intellectual recreation and even entertainment. Colored converts to Catholicism miss this. It is impressed upon them that the Catholic church building is devoted exclusively to the direct worship of God, and they realize the unbecomingness of expecting it to serve entertainment and social purposes. Yet some parishes have supplied these recreational facilities by establishing parish centers and clubs. To mention only a few examples: some years ago St. Joseph's Church, Norfolk, Va., fitted up a clubroom in the school building for the use of the young men of the congregation. Later, more spacious accommodations were provided, and now an auditorium is available for parish activities and social gatherings. St. Rose of Lima Church, Bay St. Louis, Miss., has recently built a combination clubroom and auditorium. St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, Ill., possesses a club building, which, besides facilities for the usual activities, also provides for lodging of colored Catholic visitors. However, a model for others to imitate is the new Claver Center of St. Peter Claver parish, Brooklyn, N. Y. Housed in a building

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OVER three quarters of a century ago Stephen C. Foster tracked down the haunting Negro melodies of the Southland, consigned them to paper as far as he was able, and gave to the world "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," etc. Today another composer, this time a Negro, is tracing out and gathering not only slave songs, but also the spontaneous creations of the new Negro, weaving them together and building upon their melodic foundation. And from this has resulted "Symphony No. 1," the first symphony of its kind ever written by a Negro. The composer is William L. Dawson, Director of the Tuskegee Choir and formerly first-trombonist of the Chicago Civic Orchestra. *The Literary Digest* quotes Mr. Dawson describing his symphony as "an attempt to develop Negro music, a something they have said again and again could not be developed... I have never doubted the possibilities of our music, for I feel that buried in the South is a music that somebody, someday, will discover. They will make another great world music of the folk songs of that section." That the brilliant young composer has not escaped the usual racial discriminations is clear from the following excerpt from the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Mr. Dawson was graduated with first honors by the Horner Institute of Fine Arts in Kansas City, Kans., but because he was a Negro he was not allowed to sit on the platform the day that Henry J. Allen, Governor of Kansas, distributed the diplomas. He sat in the gallery, and his diploma was delivered to a proxy. However, on that occasion the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra played one of his compositions."

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Our 1933 Graduates

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